Shewing an outward pitty: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

Nor. My Lord diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt
For I have given here my ſoules conſent,
T' undecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe, a ſoveraigne, a ſlave;
Proud Maieſty, a ſubiect; State, a Peſant,

Nor. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt: alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops:
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſty.

Bul. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.

Nor. Read o're this Paper, while the Glaſſe doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bul. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.

Nor. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Give me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.

No

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorr
So many blowes upon this face of m
And made no deeper wounds? Ob
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this
That every day, under his houſhol
Did keepe ten thouſand men? was
That like the ſunne did make beho
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo man
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bulleng*
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred
Marke ſilent King, the Morall of thi
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtro

Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow ha
The ſhadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow: ha, let
'Tis very true, my griefe lyes all wit
And theſe externall manners of lam
Are meerely ſhadows to the unſeene
That ſwells with ſilence in the tort
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank
For thy great bounty, that not onely
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge
And then be gone, and trouble you n
Shall I obtaine it?

Bul. Name it, faire Coſin.

Rich. Faire Coſin? I am greater t
For when I was a King, my flatterer
Were then my ſubiects; being now
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich, And ſhall I have?

Bul. You ſhall.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA